

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair, so now there is but a gray hair to be seen. J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SERRAPARILLA, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Barren of Life.

If the two simple tests of gravitation and temperature be applied to the habitability of the planet Mars, for example, it will be seen that it is futile to discuss the kind of life that may exist upon Mars, for the reason that the physical conditions necessary for the existence of life are not present in that very interesting planetary neighbor that revolves around our sun between the orbit of Jupiter and the earth. It has been calculated that the temperature of Mars is too low to support metabolic change. In other words, Mars is too cold for life to exist upon it.

But even were this objection surmounted, the small mass of Mars would still stand in the way. It has been calculated that the mass of Mars is not great enough to exert an attractive power capable of holding the vapor of water to the surface of the planet. The vapor of water would fly off into space from Mars, as free hydrogen flies off into space from the earth. If this be true, there is no life on Mars.

The other planets of the solar system are not seriously to be considered in this respect. If Jupiter is not yet cool; if Venus looks with but one face to the sun; if Saturn is a molten mass; if Mercury's temperature is above the boiling point, why imagine, then, that life of any kind can exist on these planets?—National Magazine.

Uncertainty of Life.

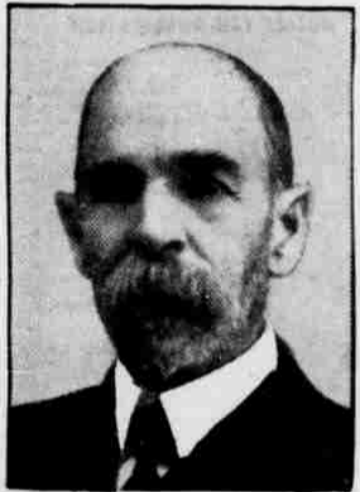
"Young man," said the clerical-looking passenger, addressing the beardless individual across the aisle, "do you ever consider when you lie down at night that you may never see the sun rise again?" "No," replied the party at whom the query had been fired, "can't say that I do; but every morning when I wake up I realize that I may not live to see another sunset."

"You do?" queried the surprised c. l. p. "You see, I'm a baseball umpire."

Stenography Ancient Art. Recent excavations in Egypt have revealed a bond—dated A. D. 100—apprenticing a slave for two years in the "semigraph," to be taught to read and write shorthand, or "the signs that your son Dionysius knows," the teacher receiving in all 120 drachmas—about \$23.

Last year 29,496 Swedes left their native land, most of them to make new homes in the United States.

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM

Gold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows: "Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna."

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack."

Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends.—C. W. Bowman.

Per-ru-na Contains No Narcotics. One reason why Peruna has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

PISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION

Humorous

Passing It On.—Ellise—There's a man at the door, ma, who says he wants to "see the boss of the house." Pa—Tell your mother, Ma (calling down stairs)—Tell Bridget.

Fashionable—First Lady—I'm taking four kinds of medicine. How many are you taking? Second Lady—Oh, medicines don't count. Operations are all the go now. I've had three.

How It Is Done.—"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "when one of the big battleships runs aground, how do they get it off?" "They pull it off with a tug of war," answered Mr. Chugwater.

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a Norborne school girl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."—Ex.

The "Swallow's" Home.—School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is? Bobby—I kin. School Teacher—Well, Bobby? Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stummock.

Twins.—"Quite an interesting thing happened at Nupop's house last night." "There were two interesting things." "I only heard of one: the arrival of a son and heir. What was the other?" "The arrival of another son and heir."

Trying to Explain.—"Josiah," said Mrs. Courtessell, "what is these negligee shirts I see advertised in the bargain sales?" "Well, they ain't quite so prim 'n' scrabby as a bled shirt—that is to say, a regular hard-billed shirt. I reckon a negligee is what you might call a soft-billed shirt."

Good Invention?—Inventor—I've hit a money-making thing at last. It is a church contribution box. Friend—What good is that? Inventor—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and halves, quarters and dimes land on velvet, but the nickels and pennies drop on a Chinese gong.

Lamb Renewed.—The proprietor of a German menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a lamb, which he labels "The Happy Family." When asked confidentially, how long these animals had lived together, he answered: "Ten months; but the lamb has had to be renewed occasionally."

Beats Them All.—Singleton—Dr. Pellet is certainly the most absent-minded man I ever saw. Wesley—Is that so? Singleton—Yes; he was married last week, and during the ceremony, when he should have placed a ring on the bride's finger, he actually felt her pulse and asked her to put out her tongue.

Imperialism.—It happened at a meeting of club women, who were settling various complicated international, national and civic affairs with their usual facility. "Do you believe in imperialism?" asked the speaker. Mrs. Strongmound rose instantly. "In the family," she said, "I do." The applause was deafening.

Profitable Tree.—"No, sir," said Dr. Mixture, "I would not have that tree cut down for any money." "But you never get any fruit from it," argued Mr. Brown; "the boys steal all the apples from it before they are half ripe." "That's just it," replied the doctor with a benign smile, "that tree brings me in a clear \$1,000 every year."

Reciprocity.—"These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "ain't worth mending." "Then, of course," said the doctor, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them." "But I charge you fifty cents just the same." "What for?" "Well, sir, you charged me five dollars the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with 'em."

Sad-looking Man—I see you have a sign out, 'Maker of Women's Habits.' Do you mean it? Ladies Tailor—Certainly I do. Sad-looking Man—Well, since my wife's been going to the club she's lost all the good ones she had, and I wish you'd make her a complete new set regardless of expense. And please include the habit of staying at home once in a while and mending my clothes.

Always a Citizen.—He was very fond of traveling, and took great delight in lionizing different cities which he visited; but in one respect he was a staunch John Bull—no power on earth could persuade him that when he resided in Florence, for example, he could possibly be called a foreigner. "No, ma'am," he used to say, "the Italians are foreigners, but I am an Englishman!"

Uncle Gabe (addressing the crowd)—No, anly, gentlemen! The men in my family are men. Don't none of em write poetry as I know of. Young Gentleman Poet—What is your objection to men who write poetry, may I inquire? Uncle Gabe (surveying the anaemic questioner contemptuously)—You wouldn't understand 'em if I told you, son. But hit's like peddling perfume for a livin', when a man might be plowin'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

They Got the "Glassy Eye." A certain confectioner in New York, who caters chiefly to the little folks of the neighborhood, lately arranged his shop window with great care in preparation for a local festivity. The crowning attraction of the whole was a large chocolate tiger with most realistic green eyes, made of glass marbles, which had cost the designer 20 cents apiece. In the tiger's mouth was a card bearing the inscription: "Nothing in this window over 5 cents a quarter-pound."

A crowd of youngsters quickly assembled on the sidewalk, and presently, after much spilling over of the placard, two of them invaded the shop and deposited a nickel upon the counter. "Say, mister," began the smaller boy, earnestly, "gimme a quarter of a pound of tiger—the piece with the eyes in."

When a young man is convinced that there is nothing too good for a certain girl he offers himself to her.

DECIDED TO USE A DRUG.

Christian Scientist Foregoes His Principles in a Dentist's Office.

The Christian Science tenet that surgery can be properly used in some cases, while drugs are always wicked, recently lost a supporter because he came in contact with one of the alternatives to drugs in surgery. The disciple in question entered a dentist's office in Brooklyn the other day and asked to have a sore tooth treated. The dentist found that the tooth could be saved, but that the nerve would have to be killed. He so explained to the scientist, who told him to go ahead. As the dentist was preparing the drugs the other suddenly recollected his principles.

"Oh, say, doctor! Can't you kill that nerve without using any drugs? I don't believe in the use of drugs."

The doctor looked surprised.

"Why, yes, I can, if you want me to, but this is the most comfortable way."

"Well," said the scientist, "if there is another way I wish you'd use it."

The doctor grinned and put up his drugs. Then he took an old excavator and cut out the sharp end, leaving the long, tapering steel shaft. He lit a small gas furnace, placed the tool therein, and while it was heating got out a big strap, with which he fastened his patient to the chair. The patient had watched the proceedings with evidently growing alarm. At the strap he rebelled.

"What's this for?" "So you won't struggle."

"Oh, I'll sit still."

"Can't trust you, I'll hurt."

Silence fell while the dentist completed his arrangements. Then he rattled the furnace and held up his weapon, now white hot, for inspection.

"I guess that'll do," he said with a satisfied air as he approached the victim. The latter seemed frozen with terror, but melted at the approach of the hot iron.

"Stop!" he yelled.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor.

"What—what are you going to do with that thing?"

"Kill your nerve, of course, as you asked."

"Is that the only way?" "Unless I use drugs, yes. I never tried it, but it's the way they used to do things in the good old days. It would be of great scientific interest to perform the experiment and I'd just as soon use you as a subject as anyone else. Open your mouth."

The patient's mouth shut with a snap at the second approach of the iron, in spite of the unnoticed fact that it had grown cold. Between clenched teeth came the words:

"U-n-u-m! Use a drug."—New York Tribune.

SELF-PERPETUATING WORK-BAGS.

Mr. Peters was watching his wife over his newspaper. "What is that you are making, dear?" said he. "I suppose it is a present for some friend, but what is it?" "The things you make—until they are completed and thoroughly explained—are always mysterious to me."

"Why, it's a work-bag for Cousin Sarah," replied his wife, knotting a thread. "Isn't it pretty?" "Very," he replied, judicially. "But it seems adapted to anything but work. A dainty piece of light-colored silk to catch the dirt, a delicate piece of ribbon. It may be pretty, but is it adapted to use? How long will such a frail thing last?"

His wife looked troubled. "Frail thing," said she. "Well, I suppose it is frail. But unless a work-bag is pretty, it's so apt to be ugly."

"H'm," returned Mr. Peters. "Unless it's useful, it's so apt to be useless."

"Why, how can you say that, Abraham. Besides, work-bags like this aren't meant for heavy work."

"What are they meant for, then?" "Why, dainty work, like that I'm doing with this work-bag of my own." She held up a silk thing of light blue with a pale pink rose pattern.

"Oh, your friend will use it to make a pretty, dainty work-bag, as you are doing now with your own pretty, dainty work-bag."

Mrs. Peters nodded.

"I suppose there are millions of women who make at least one work-bag every year to give away," returned her husband, with a smile, "and they give them away to their friends. And their friends wear them out in making delicate work-bags during the next year, and give the new work-bags back to the women who made the first ones. Think of the energy expended—all so that work-bags may be self-perpetuating!"

"Yes, Abraham, I know," said Mrs. Peters, calmly. "But think, too, how much energy is wasted every year in idle talk."—Youth's Companion.

Cold Deliberation. "Why, good morning, Harker; let me congratulate you."

"On what?" "On your marriage."

"Why, I am not married."

"But, man, you told me several weeks ago that you were seriously thinking of matrimony."

"That's just it. I thought seriously of it and decided to remain single. Those that marry do so without thinking."

Great Prize. "Yes, we had a wonderful girl out in our county."

"What was wonderful about her?"

"Why, she had money and yet she made over the same Easter hat every season for five years."

"Great Scott! Take me out and give me an introduction."

"Impossible! The poor girl was smothered in a ton of marriage proposals."

Six Months After. "Do you believe in hypnotism, dear?" asked the young wife, just as the honeymoon was preparing to retire from business.

"Sure," answered the man who had promised to love, honor and pay the freight. "Otherwise I would still be a bachelor."

GOOD Short Stories

James R. Keene said recently: "I was walking in the country one day in my youth, and toward sundown I lost my way. As I plodded on, tired and hungry, I met a farm-hand, Jack. I said, 'What is the way to Berenda?' The farmhand looked at me with a frown. 'How did you know?' he said, 'that my name was Jack?' 'Oh, I said, 'I guessed it.' 'Then,' said the farmhand, 'guess your way to Berenda.'"

Professor Robert D. Peity, of the New York Law School, was telling his students, the other day, of the need that lawyers occasionally have for a little knowledge of agriculture. "I was reminded of this need the other day," he declared, "when a young attorney of this city told me about his plans for spending two or three days in the country next summer. 'I want to go to a farm,' the young attorney said, 'and for two or three days do a farm-hand's work. I want to shovel hay.'"

Some years ago Joseph Choate was associated in a big case with a young Hebrew lawyer. The latter was a little doubtful as to what to charge the client, and Mr. Choate said: "Oh, never mind sending in a bill. I'm going to send in one in a day or two, and I'll just double it, and then send you my check for your half."

In the course of the fortnight this check arrived, and the lawyer was amazed at its size. He acknowledged it promptly, adding as a postscript: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

A Missouri paper says that a new judge arose to charge the jury, and spoke as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence as well as myself. You have heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff have told you, your verdict would be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will find a verdict for the defendant; but if you were like me, and don't believe what either of them said, then I'll be d—d if I know what you'll do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

Simeon Ford tells of a little girl of his acquaintance who constantly carried about with her a big wax doll he had given her. Recently there arrived in the household to which the little girl belongs another youngster. During the afternoon following this interesting event, Mr. Ford chanced to encounter his little friend on the street. He at once observed that she was without her usual companion, the big wax doll he had given her. "Why, Marie," said he, "where's your nice doll?" "Whereupon the little one elevated her nose to an unwonted angle. Said she: 'I don't have any use for wax dolls now. We've got a real meat baby at our house, and that takes up all my time.'"

He Thought It Might Do. When Patrick received an order he followed it implicitly as far as he could—sometimes even farther than his Celtic brain realized.

"He wants a pane of windy glass thin inches by fourteen," said Patrick one day, as he entered a shop where his employer, a master carpenter, traded.

In the shop was a young clerk, who never missed a chance for a little joke at the Irishman's expense. "If he haven't any ten-by-four-teens," he said, "I may have to give you a fourteen-by-ten."

Patrick rubbed his head thoughtfully. Then he stood pondering for a moment, and at last remarked:

"He's in the great rook for it, and there's no other place near to get it. Give me wan of thim fourteen-by-ten, and if he turns it sideways and upside down, there's not a soul would know the difference."

Figuring the Profits. "I suppose," said the new reporter to the humorist, "you make a good thing out of your paragraphs?"

"Well, some days I make very little and other days not quite so much," replied the humorist. "Now, take you, for example: I only penned five lines, but those five lines represented 10 large, round dollars."

"Say, that isn't so worse for one day's toil," said the pencil pusher. "By the way, what did you write?"

"An order is my grocer for interior department supplies," answered the funny party, with a diabolical grin.

In the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations the common funds of the two tribes receive big revenues from the coal and asphalt lands, as well as from the oil and gas fields. These revenues arise largely from leases and royalties. They are placed in the hands of the Indian agent to go into the educational funds of the two nations. Vast sums of money also flow into the coffers of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations. A large additional sum will be placed to the credit of these nations from the sale of segregated coal lands, which will be distributed by the Indian agent.

The heaviest revenues in the Creek nation come from interest on bonds representing loans to different States and paying 4 and 5 per cent interest annually. The nation receives \$125,000 interest annually on these bonds. The revenues from mineral royalties and the estate tax in the Creek and Cherokee nations pass through the hands of the Indian agent, but instead of being placed to the credit of the nations collectively, the money is paid out to individual citizens.

A continual stream of money orders is coming into the Indian agent's office every day, representing payments upon town lots which have been purchased by individuals after the town site appraisements have been made. So many of these come through the Muskogee postoffice at times that the postmaster runs out of money with which to cash them, and has to suspend payment temporarily until he can send out and replenish his ready cash.—Kansas City Journal.

Many curious reasons are given for absence from school. Here is one: "Dear Sir: Samuel can not come to school this afternoon, as he has glued his head to the dresser, and we have not been able to separate him yet."

In the German Army.

The noted soldier and historian, Theodore Ayrault Dodge, was educated in Berlin, and at a dinner party, apropos of German military discipline, he once said:

"The German soldier must never appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough he must not, under any circumstances, wear civilian dress."

"Well, Swartz, a young lieutenant of cavalry, during my residence in Berlin was one day engaged in some adventure or other, and put on, to disguise him, if, a suit of black cloth. Dressed in this suit, he was passing down an unfrequented street when he came face to face with his colonel."

"Detected in his grave a quidsmonger, Swartz proved himself the possessor of a resourceful mind. He said to the colonel in a bass voice, different from his own:

"Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Swartz lives? I am his brother from the country and I have come on to pay him a visit."

"The colonel readily and politely gave the required information and passed on."

"The lieutenant congratulated himself on his escape. He hurried home and put on his uniform. Duty late that afternoon called him before the colonel again. He saluted with confidence. The colonel regarded him coldly.

"'Lieutenant Swartz,' he said, 'I wish you'd tell your brother from the country that if he pays you another visit I'll put him in close confinement for ten days.'"

The Man Who Loves Words. "Other folks, of course, have their 'poor pleasures,'" writes Richard Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine, "but for a man who loves words no joy the world can give equals for him the happiness of having achieved a fine passage or a perfect line. When Thackeray struck his fist on the table, as the story goes, when he had finished the scene of Colonel Newcome's death an exclamation, 'By God, this is genius! there was no empire he would have accepted in exchange for that moment! We often hear that your true artist is never satisfied with his work, his ideas escape him, the words seem poor and lifeless, etc., compared with the dream. Whoever started that story knew very little about the literary temperament or he would have known that the words are the dream. The dream does not exist even as a dream or only very imperfectly if it is set down in words. Yes, the words are the dream.'"

Beware of Ointments for Cataract that Contain Mercury as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, when entering it through the mucous membrane. Such articles should be used only when prescribed by a reliable physician, and the danger they will do is too full to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Cataract Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is non-toxic, non-irritating, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Cataract Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, price the per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Who Owns the Railroads. H. T. Newcomb, of the District of Columbia bar, has compiled statistics showing that 5,174,718 depositors in savings banks of six eastern states are directly interested in the joint ownership of \$424,354,086 of steam railroad securities, that insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts hold \$845,889,038 of steam railroad stocks and bonds, and 74 educational institutions depend on \$17,468,327 invested in similar securities for a portion of their income. Other fiduciary institutions (with enough railroad securities to bring such holdings up to more than a billion and a half dollars, about one-sixth of the entire capital invested in railroad property. These investments represent the savings of the masses, there being twenty million holders of life insurance policies in the country, as many more of fire insurance policies, and an even greater number of depositors in banking and trust institutions, where investments are largely in railroad securities.

No Wonder. "The speed limit," said the sad-faced man, "should be removed from automobiles."

"Do you own a machine?" asked the stranger within the gates.

"No," replied the gloomy party. "I'm an undertaker."

FITS. Permanently Cured. No more nervousness. After first day's use of Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure, the cure is complete. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Practical View. "Summer," remarked the bunch of feminine loveliness who was taking on a load of oysters at the young man's expense, "is my favorite season. It's so delightful to sit under the trees and listen to the concert by nature's feathered songsters."

"Isn't it, though?" exclaimed the young man, enthusiastically, "and it doesn't cost a cent, either."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The Brute. Mrs. Gabbler—This health writer says that one should keep one's mouth shut while sleeping. I don't see how I can be sure my mouth is shut when I'm asleep.

Mr. Gabbler—You might get in the habit of your bad practice on it while you are awake.—Cleveland Leader.

SSS FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "tired feeling" left and I was again myself. Columbus, Ohio. VICTOR STRUBBERG, Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.

Worth Winning. "Say, Harker," began Pemberton, "did you ever win a prize by smoking cigarettes?"

"No," responded Harker, the sensible young man, "but I won a prize when I stopped smoking them."

"You did? Where is it?" "In the hammock over there—my wife, you know."

To Break in New Shoes. Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, before putting on new shoes. It breaks corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Quinlan, Le Roy, N. Y.

Having Money. "Why do you spend all your money?" "It's the only way I can save it."

"What nonsense?" "Not at all. If I kept it, some fellow would bounce me out of it."—Cleveland Leader.

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Asked and Answered. "Why don't you get your life insured, my dear?" asked Mrs. Newcomb. "I'm afraid people might say I was afraid to take chances on your cooking," replied the gallant young husband.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

And That's No Lie. "Ever notice it?" queried the man who asks questions on the installment plan. "Did I ever notice what?" asked the party of the dense party.

"That the ball player who hits the most 'balls' at night always hits the fewest in the next day's game?" continued he of the prodigues.

Swollen Veins, Sprains, Strains and Weak Joints

Woolbath and Cream with our new Electric Massage-Perfektum Guaranteed.

Woolbath	1.25
Electric Massage	1.25
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Woolbath	1.25
Electric Massage	1.25
Perfektum	1.25

WOODARD, CLARKE & CO. Portland, Oregon.

BEST BY TEST

"I have tried all kinds of waterproof clothing and have never found anything as